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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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It requires a great deal of resolution to break away from the apathy of a deep sorrow or a heavy trouble, and resolutely put one's hand to the new or disused plow; but the effort once made, if there is anything in the individual, he or she will never turn back. And after work, real work—work with the hands, head and heart—after this will come trust, and trust will bring peace.

To the Christian the little events of daily life tend wonderfully to his sanctification, though he may not know it at the time. This discharge of duty, this trial of patience, this denial of self, this loss or suffering, or affliction, each, like the finishing strokes of the sculptor, here strikes off an excrescence and there brings out a beauty of form and feature, till at last the work is completed, and the finished image is prepared for the upper temple.

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all.

By prayer we do not mean the bowing of the head and saying over a few appropriate words, but the yearning desire, the uplifted heart, the contrite spirit; such a condition of life is Christian. A man who answers to this description is a Christian, wherever you find him.

Praying, reading the Bible and going to meeting is not religion, any more than carpenters' tools are a dwelling house. These Christian duties are the instruments in the use of which a man underpins his life with Christian principles, to build thereon a character of righteousness.

Sin is a bad thing, not alone that it dishonors God; that is enough—but it debases the God in man. Not alone that it injures society; that is enough, but a man loses his sensitiveness to virtue. Sin lies in ambush in the mind and heart, ready to spring upon the life in its dangerous moments. It must be destroyed or it will destroy.

Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude in not exercising it as often as we can.

Care is the lot of life, and he who aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! A steed! of matchless speed!
A sword of metal keen!
All else to noble hearts is dross,
All else on earth is mean,
The neighing of the war-horse proud,
The rolling of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet loud,
Be sounds from heaven that come.
And O! the thundering press of knight,
When as their war-cries swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright
And rouse a fiend from hell!

Then mount! then mount brave gallants all!
And don your helms amain;
Death's couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the field again.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land.
Let piping swain and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry,
Our business is like men to fight,
And like to heroes die!

Through The Tunnel.

It was a bright, clear, cold morning in early December. When Kaithie entered the car there was scarcely a vacant seat to be seen. To be sure there was one stout old gentleman sitting alone, but he was next to the aisle and seemed so deeply absorbed in thought that Kathie disliked to disturb him. Then there was a middle-aged woman, but she had numberless wraps and parcels in the seat beside her, and her appearance, take her all in all, was so forbidding as she looked fixedly out of the window, that Kathie passed her by. There was but one more seat unoccupied. It was beside a gentleman who sat close to the window reading a paper.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked Kathie with timid hesitancy.

"It is not," was the answer in a pleasant tone; "but," springing up as he spoke, "would you prefer the seat by the window?"

"Oh, no! Thank you! Not at all!" murmured Kathie, and she sat down beside him.

The gentleman turned his attention again to his paper, and Kathie immediately fell to wishing that she had taken the seat by the window. For the gentleman sat at her right hand, and her purse was in her cloak pocket, and had not Aunt Kate warned her over and over again to be on her guard against pickpockets, and had declared that they were quite as likely to be young, agreeable and polite as the reverse? And was not this person all three? Kathie stole a shy glance at him. His dark eyes were intently fixed on his newspaper. He was fine looking and well dressed, and to all intents quite oblivious of her existence. Kathie wondered demurely what sort of an expression his face would wear if he knew that any one thought that he might perhaps be a pickpocket.

She might take her purse and hold it in her hand, but that would seem ostentatious and tiresome, moreover there would be ample time for that when the gentleman—he looked like a gentleman certainly—should put down his paper and Kathie could no longer watch his hands.

Then Kathie's thoughts slipped into a more agreeable channel. She thought of the Christmas gifts she was going to buy, and of the other shopping she was going to do. It was her first trip to Boston quite alone. Aunt Kate had always been with her before, to take care of her and help her to select Christmas gifts, but this year Aunt Kate's rheumatism was so much worse than usual that she did not hope to be equal to a trip to Boston for the winter; and as it was already nearing Christmas, there was nothing to be done but to let Kathie go alone. And so it came about that Kathie, feeling quite old and responsible, was on her way, this bright December morning, to the city. She mentally planned her day's work, and portioned out her money for the various things she was intending to buy. There was the book for her Sunday-school teacher, the shell comb for Aunt Kate, the engraving for cousin Will, that must be especially fine and nicely framed, since it was to do double duty as Christmas and wedding gift. Should it be a copy of some celebrated old picture, or some attractive group, full of modern life and interest? While Kathie was trying to decide this question, and was reviewing with her mind's eyes, all the finest and most beautiful engravings that she had ever seen, the train swept into the tunnel.

As it grew dark the gentleman beside her put down his paper, turning slightly towards Kathie as he did so. And then Kathie was sure she felt a stealthly motion towards her cloak pocket. Quick as thought her hand went down to seize her purse, when—oh, horrors!—there was the man's hand in her pocket! Kathie did not withdraw her hand; on the contrary, being resolved to protect her property at all hazards, she felt about with her fingers as well as she could for her purse, but could not find it. It was already gone. Then Kathie seized the intruding hand with the firmness of desperation, fully determined to make an alarm as soon as the cars emerged into daylight again. If he did not have the purse in his hand, there at least was his hand in her pocket, and some of the passengers would see her righted and her purse restored. Fortunately her purse had her name printed on the inside. How long the minutes seemed before the train came out into light! Then Kathie still grasping firmly the man's hand, looked up and down the aisle, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheek, for the conductor.

"I beg your pardon," said her captive in a low tone that Kathie could scarcely catch the words, "but *have you not made a mistake in the pocket?*"

Kathie gave one swift glance. Good heavens! Her hand was in his pocket! If she had touched a burning coal she could not have relinquished her hold and withdrawn her hand more promptly. She was overcome with confusion. She ventured one deprecatory glance at the gentleman. His expressive face wore a mischievous smile.

"I thoug—" began Kathie tremulously, but she could get no further. The revulsion of feeling was too great. The brightness of her eyes was suddenly quenched by gathering tears, and her lip quivered ominously.

"That it was your pocket, of course," said the gentleman, completing her sentence. "I understand perfectly. Pray do not let the mistake disturb you," he continued, with imploring earnestness.

In the midst of her distress Kathie could not help thinking how musical his voice was. Then, with much tact, he took up his paper, and devoted himself with great assiduity, to reading an article, which, if Kathie had but known it, he had read twice already since she sat beside him, without knowing in the least what it was about.

Kathie became outwardly composed after awhile, but her mind was still in a tumult. Suppose he had turned the tables upon her, and denounced her as a pick-pocket as he might have done! She shivered at the mere thought of it.

Once or twice, as they neared the city, the gentleman glanced at her as if he would speak, but Kathie's resolutely averted face and downcast eyes gave him no opportunity, and not another word was spoken till they reached the station, where he left her with a courteous bow and "Good morning."

"Hateful thing," said Kathie to herself, "I hope I shall never set eyes on him again;" and then she watched him, with admiring eyes, as long as she could distinguish his fine form in the hurrying crowd.

Her purse, it is scarcely necessary to say, was safe in her pocket, and she soon set about diminishing its contents. Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning of her trip, her day proved quite successful and satisfactory. Her own errands and Aunt Kate's commissions were all executed, and there was still a half-hour to spare for a call at Cousin Will's office and when the time drew near for her train to leave he escorted her to the station. The train was in readiness when they arrived, and, as they walked along to reach the right car, a form approached them from a side entrance, a glance at which sent a thrill through Kathie's veins and the hot blood to her cheeks and brow.

"Ah! here's Harry Thorn, going down on your train, Kathie," said her cousin.

"He will be agreeable company for you, and will see to your parcels," and then, before Kathie was at all prepared for it, came the inevitable introduction.

Kathie could hardly force herself to meet the glance of the mischievous dark eyes bent upon her, or to touch the proffered hand. It was utterly impossible for her to speak a word, but the gentleman talked on till Will left them at the entrance of the car.

"You will take the seat by the window this time?" said Mr. Thorn, and Kathie silently took it.

After he had arranged her parcels in the rack, and seated himself, Kathie remarked, with a frank smile, "I really hoped that I should never see you again."

"Did you think I deserved eternal banishment?" he asked, lightly."

"Oh, no! It was rather I who merited it," said Kathie. "So long as you did not know me, it did not matter what you thought of me, but now,"—ah, where were Kathie's words leading her?—"but now, if you should tell Cousin Will," she continued quite illogically, "he would tease me unmercifully, and I should never hear the last of it."

"I assure you," was the earnest answer, "that I will never mention the mistake to which you refer to Will or to any one else. No one besides ourselves need ever know aught of it." And then he skilfully turned the conversation, and Kathie was soon quite at her ease, and they were conversing like two old friends.

That memorable ride through the tunnel occurred some years ago, and Kathie's relations with Mr. Thorn have changed so greatly, that now, instead of suspecting him of taking her money, she appropriates with great coolness, funds from his pocket-book for her Christmas shopping.

Mr. Thorn sometimes laughingly declares, that instead of his wife's waiting for him to offer his hand, as ladies usually do, she took possession of it the first time that she ever saw him; but his most intimate friends ask in vain for an explanation of his jest.

Winter Fishing.

The winter fishing on Chautauqua lake, New York, is quite a business. Being an inland lake it freezes over quicker than Lake Erie, and when the latter body is open Chautauqua lake has ice enough to hold up an army of fishermen. There are now about twenty "coops," as they are called, out on the ice. A "coop" is a box about three feet square with a hole in the bottom. A hole is cut in the ice and the box placed over it so that the two holes match. A man crawls into this box, and it being perfectly dark in there he can see the bottom as plain as day if the water is clear. If it is not clear, a newspaper is sunk to the bottom under the coop, and fish passing over it are easily seen. Through this hole in the ice a wooden fish, properly weighted, is sunk to the proper depth, and with the cord attached to it, the bogus fish is made to fly around lively and thereby attracts other fish to its locality. The man in the coop keeping watch, seeing a fish in good position, lets drop his heavy spear, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, fastening him to the bottom. Some large fish are caught in that way. The Monday before New Year's there were caught three pickerel, weighing respectively twenty-seven, thirty and forty pounds. It is quite a business when the lake is frozen over and those who follow it make money.

I will-Perhaps.

I will—but no, I guess not.
That I won't go home till morning.
I will not eat chicken salad again for a year.
That I will never again make New Year's calls.
That just a swallow isn't a drink but a bird. Ah!
That I will forever forswear smoking—poor cigars.
That I'll never do so again. No, nev—, well, hard—,
I resolve to reresolve all good resolutions I have ever resolved.
That as it is never too late to mend, I will put it off a little longer.
I will not—but perhaps on second thought I may, so never mind.
That I will attend no walking matches this year. It is leap year.
That I will live within my income—if I can only contrive to get one.
Resolved that I will not use "hardly ever" during the next twelve months.
That no balmy day in spring shall delude me into collateralizing my ulster.
Resholve, al'fter zhat never'll toucha nother drop slongs liveselpmegracious.
That I will turn over a new leaf—as soon as new leaves make their appearance.

The Hyena Dog.

Just as the Aard wolf appears to form the link between the civets and the hyænas, being with some difficulty referred to either group of animals, so the hunting dog seems to be the connecting link between the dogs and hyænas. Its position, however, in the scale of animated nature is so very obscure that it has been placed by some zoologists among the dogs and by others among the hyænas. As, however, the leading characteristic of its formation appears to tend rather toward the canine than the hyænine type, the hunting dog has been provisionally placed at the end of the dogs rather than at the end of the hyænas. In its general aspect there is much of the hyænine character, and the creature has often been mistaken for a hyæna, and described under that name. There is, however, less of the hyænine type than is seen in the Aard wolf, for the peculiar ridge of hair that decorates the neck of the hyæna is absent in the hunting dog, and the hinder quarters are marked by that strange sloping form which is so characteristic of the hyæna and the Aard wolf itself. The teeth are almost precisely like those of the dogs, with the exception of a slight difference in the false molars, and therefore are quite distinct from those of the hyænas. But the feet are only furnished with four toes instead of five, which is a characteristic of the hyænas, and not of the dogs. Several other remarkable points of structure are found in this curious animal, some of them tending to give it a position among the dogs, and others appearing to refer it to the hyænas. The general color of the hunting dog is a reddish or yellowish brown, marked at wide intervals with large patches of black and white. The nose and muzzle are black, and the central line of the head is marked with a well-defined black stripe, which reaches to the back of the head. The ears are extremely large, and are covered on both their faces with rather short black hairs. From their inside edge rises a large tuft of long white hair, which spreads over and nearly fills the cavity of the ear. The tail is covered with long bushy hair, which is for the greater part of a grayish-white hue, but is strongly tinged with black near its insertion. In nearly all specimens there is a whitish patch below each eye. These tints are somewhat variable in different individuals, but preserve the same general aspect in all. There are many names by which this animal has been called; in the writings of some authors it is mentioned under the title of the painted hyæna, while by others it is termed the hyæna dog. The Dutch colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, where this creature is generally found, speak of it by the name of wilde hund, or wild dog; and it is also known under the names of simir and melbia. Its title of hunting dog is earned by its habits of pursuing game by fair chase, and uniting in packs of considerable numbers for that purpose. As is the case with the generality of predaceous animals, it prefers the night for its season of attack, but will frequently undertake a chase in broad daylight. For the purpose of the chase it is well fitted, as it is gifted with long and agile limbs and with great endurance of fatigue.

Cash Value of a Boston Editor.

While in Washington, recently, a certain Boston editor, who has a good reputation for enterprise in obtaining the latest and fullest information upon any and all subjects of current importance, happened to run across General McCook, of Colorado, and at once seized upon the opportunity as a favorable one to secure for the readers of his journal a valuable opinion concerning the Indian question. After an introduction, the editor said:

"General, I should like to get your ideas on the Indian question. We are very much interested in the matter in the East, and your views would be read with great attention."

"Ye-es," drawled the General in a meditative strain, caressing his moustache. "Your name?"

"Smith, sir."

"Ye-es; An editor?"

"Yes, sir, of the daily so an-so."

"Ye-es. Will you come to Colorado with me?"

"Well, that is hardly possible I should like to get your ideas on the Indian question though."

"Ye-es; I know. But will you come to Colorado with me?"

"Well-er, I hardly understand your drift. I—"

"Ye-es, I know. But I should like to take you to Colorado. I don't know but that I would give your widow a thousand dollars. Have you got a widow?"

"Well, no, General, not yet."

"Ye-es. Well, I should like to take you out there. We propose to deal in the interest of humanity with the Indians, but we shall have to kill a Boston editor before we can can make much progress, and you seem to be about the right sort of man. Ye-es; I would give your widow $1,000. Will you come?"

He didn't go, and he has't written out any interview, as yet.

A Smart Man.

Jesse Lovely, while out West, was in search of a man whom he wished to see on a matter of business. After riding for half a day and losing the way in that sparsely settled country, he drew up his steed in front of a log cabin. A female came to the door. "Will you be kind enough to tell me, Miss, where Mr. Wm. Humphrey lives?" said Jesse. "I don't know," very blandly replied the young lady, "but 'Squire Roberts, who lives about half a mile from here, can tell you. *He is a very smart man.*" Jessie rode on in the direction the fair enchantress indicated. Coming to the house, he cried out, "Hello!" The 'Squire, with his shirt collar open, his spectacles on top of his head and his pants in his boots, made his appearance at the door. "Is this 'Squire Roberts?" inquired Jesse. "I are he," said the 'Squire with an air of importance that would have been more becoming to a king. "'Squire Roberts," said Jesse, "can you tell me where William Humphreys lives?" "I kin," said the 'Squire in a self-gratulatory manner that he was able to answer the question, and proceeded, "if he are whar I anticipate he are, he are forty miles distant on Peter Creek. Although his residence are exclusively adjacent to mine, I know nothing of his wherefores or his whichabouts." Jesse waved his hand in polite salutation to the 'Squire and rode on to find his man as best he could with the information he had received from the 'Squire to whom the blushing maid had directed him as the savant of her section.

Death in the Peach.

A fatal case of poisoning by peach-stones which has just occured in Paris may serve as a warning to those families in which children are allowed to look after themselves for hours together. It may be assumed that very few children under the age, say, of ten or twelve have any idea that peach-stones or peach-blossoms are dangerous. They have been shown the deadly nightshade, and probably the wild hemlock, and have a canny dread of them; but nursemaids are not nearly so fond of pointing out the peach tree as an object of horror and aversion. The victim of the recent accident in Paris had certainly not been cautioned against the attractions of the peach. He had developed, at the tender age of five and a half, the faculty of reasoning on inductive principals, and he saw no reason to doubt that as cherry and apricot stones contained eatable kernels the nobler fruit had at least an equally desirable treasure in its inmost recesses. Accordingly he secreted the stones of a number of peaches which had been sent to his mother from the country, and possessing himself of a hammer when left alone broke them open industriously and then set to upon a solid feast to which he did hasty but complete justice. The taste of the kernels was not perhaps on a par with the expectations previously entertained, but it would be ridiculous to go through the severe labor of cracking such hard shells without entering into the fruition of the labor when once finished. So the unlucky child was found by his parent on her return writhing in the grievous agonies produced by prussic or hydrocyanic acid. The arrival and efforts of the doctors were vain, and another item had to be added to the long list of "deaths by imprudence." It is as well, now in plain words to explain what extent of poisoning properties is possessed by the peach-stone. The writers on toxicology state that an ounce of the kernels contains about one grain of pure hydrocyanic acid, and it is known that one grain of the poison will almost certainty kill any adult person. Two-thirds of a grain has very often been fatal, and indeed, may be regarded as a fatal dose for a child.

A Lively Bear Fight.

During the late snow-storm in Oregon, Sam Cook of Applegate discovered that bears had been depredating on his hogs on the acorn range. Taking a couple of dogs and accompanied by Andy Cook and J. W. Gilmore, Mr. Cook followed the track of one of the largest of the bears up the mountain towards the head of Humbug. The snow became quite deep and the hunters, of course, moved slowly. But in the afternoon they discovered a large cinnamon bear crossing a gulch ahead of them. The animal was instantly treed by the dogs and shot by Sam Cook, but not mortally wounded. Mr. Gilmore's gun missed fire, but Andy Cook shot the bear through the loins, and he came tumbling down in the very midst of the party and at once made fight. The situation was now quite critical, two of the guns being empty and the third so wet as to be useless. The enraged animal made first for Sam Cook, who thrust the muzzle of his rifle into his mouth, while the dogs, only partially trained, did their best to attract his attention. Extracting the barrel of the gun from the bear's mouth, Sam attempted to club him with the other end of the weapon, but he caught the stock with his teeth and tore it to shreds. Seeing Cook's peril, Gilmore struck the bear on top of the head with his tomahawk, fracturing the skull in several places, but without the slightest apparent effect. By this time Andy had reloaded, and just when Bruin was about to scoop the whole party, dogs and all, he broke his neck by a well-directed shot and ended the controversy. The bear weighed over four hundred pounds and was exceedingly fat, and repaid the boys well for their day's sport.

Real Style.

A couple of young ladies who went to Dubuque to spend the holidays concluded to couple style with economy, and did so effectually. They left Chicago in a common coach on the Illinois Central Railroad, sitting with their eyes towards a luxurious palace car trundling along at the rear, envying the half-dozen ladies who had it all to themselves. When the train arrived at Freeport the two stylish young ladies concluded to engage seats in the palace car, and entered it for that purpose.

"The seats in this car are extra, ladies," politely remarked the conductor.

"We are aware of that, sir. What do you charge to Dubuque?"

"One dollar."

"One dollar! That's too much."

"The price diminishes, ladies, as we approach Dubuque."

"What is the price from Galena?"

"Thirty cents."

"Well, we will occupy two seats from Galena."

"All right."

The young ladies left the Pullman, and as they made their exit they were heard to remark:

"Jane, it would be horrible to enter Dubuque in a common coach. Style is everything, and as it won't cost but thirty cents each we'll go into the city in style; they won't know but that we came all the way from Chicago in the Pullman."

And sure enough upon the arrival of the train their friends who were at the depot to meet them found them in the palace coach.

The Basques.

The Basques are in many respects the most peculiar people dwelling in civilization, of which they really form no part. For centuries they have undergone very little change, being scarcely affected by revolutions or progress of any kind. They number about 800,000, 130,000 being citizens of France, but the bulk and the most distinctive of them occupying the Basque Provinces in Spain—Biscay, Guipuzcoa and Alava. There is no record of their ever having been subdued. Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Frenchmen, or Spaniards have never effaced their marked traits, corrupted the purity of their race, or even modified their time-honored customs. They are of medium size, compact of frame, singularly vigorous and agile, having light gray eyes, black hair and complexions darker than the Spaniards. Simple in manners and character they are proud and impetuous, determined and fiery patriots, and merry, social and hospitable withal. The women are comely and strong, capable of, and often doing masculine work; also notable for vivacity, suppleness and grace, and wear gay head-dresses over their variously braided and twisted locks. Both sexes are exceedingly fond of games, festivals, music and dancing. The national costume is a red jacket, big breeches, red sash, square-knotted cravat, hempen shoes and pointed cap. Their manners are patriarchal, and their habits also. While the sexes mingle without restarint, they are religiously strict. Their soil is fertile, and the Basques are so industrious that they produce good crops generally, notwithstanding their primitive agriculture. They are, practically, democrats, the condition of all being very nearly equal, as the nobility, who derived their orgin mainly from the Moors, are very few. They have very few towns or villages, their habitations being scattered over most of the heights of the three Provinces. Politically, they are divided into districts, each of which chooses an Alcalde, who is both a civil and military officer, and a member of the Junta meeting annually in some one of the towns to deliberate upon public affairs. The Alcaldes are always men of age and experience, and fathers of families. The Basques' rights are protected by written constitutions, granted them by ancient Spanish Kings. They are stanch, even bigoted, Roman Catholics; have great reverence for priests and monks, and are inclined to superstition. They are supposed to be the last remnant of the old Iberians, and have ever preserved an exalted reputation for courage among their native mountains. They were the Cantabri of the Romans, who admired them for their sturdy defense of liberty, and are alluded to by Horace as a people very hard to teach to bear the yoke. Centuries later, they fell, in the renowned defiles of Roncevalles, upon Charlemagne and his army when returning to France, slew his bravest paladins, and compelled him to fly for his life. Euscaldunac is the name the Basques give themselves, and their country they call Euscaleria. The are prouder even than the Spaniards, and the mere fact of being born in their districts secures the privileges of universal nobility.

Pins.

Customer to lady clerk in a very large store:

Customer—"Show me some pins."

Lady clerk talks on to the next lady clerk:

"And he said that she—and he—took her to Wallack's—and he—and she—opera—and he—"

Customer—"Will you show me some pins?"

Lady clerk goes indifferently to shelf and takes down a box of pins, giving customer the impression that she had heard the first request, but wasn't quite ready to attend to it. Lady clerk puts the box negligently down before customer and goes on talking: "And he was—every night—and I—and she—and he—oh! I knew they were there—and I—and he—and she—"

C.—"I want English pins—"

L. C. (glances at customer as if very much annoyed that any other pins should be called for than those it is most convenient to take down)—"And I—and he—and she—. O, I'm sure I saw him—and I—and she—"

C.—"Have you any English pins?"

L. C.—"No; and he—and she—at the opera—and I—."

Tired of Truly Good Men.

A starved Indian's dog wabbled from the agency with a bleached dry bone which he picked up on a cliff overhanging a lake. Sitting upon his haunches, he thus addressed himself to the bone:

"Ah! delicious morsel, fain would I gnaw you, but, alas! the Great Father, has in His wisdom, removed my teeth and claws; I can but feast my soul upon you with one eye, as under the Quaker administration I lost the other, for which I hold them blameless. My ears were cropped by the Presbyterians—but with the best of motives. The Episcopalians took my tail off a trifle too short. My hair is as yet—"

"Brother," said the sly trading fox, who had crept up, "heard the good news?"

"No," replied the dog, sitting upon the bone.

"The commissioner has come, this agent is to be bounced and you are to be turned over to the Sweden—New—Jeru—salems."

The dog sang his death-song, leaped into the air, and the rising bubbles marked his grave.

"Unless this church business stops, I, too, must starve," said the red-haired trader, as he slipped off with the bone.

A Remarkable Burial Place.

After ascending the tower at Pisa, and enjoying the view we had still an hour to devote to the Campo Santo near by. This cloistered cemetery, constructed 600 years ago, is a vast rectangle surrounded by arches. After the loss of the Holy Land, we are told, the Pisans caused over fifty ships' loads of soil to be brought hither from Mt. Calvary, in order that the dead might rest in what they conceived to be holy ground. It was in this Campo Santo that the earliest Tuscan artists were taught to emulate each other's powers, and here the walls are covered with remarkable representations of historical subjects and sacred objects. The original of many pictures with which we are familiar in engravings are still to be seen here, such as "Noah Inebriated," "Building of the Tower of Babel," "The Last Judgement," etc. The tombstones of those buried here form the pavement of the arcades. The sculptures and monuments and bas-reliefs in the Campo Santo are nearly innumerable, the whole forming a most strange and weird collection, to which we had devoted the early twilight hour, and which did not fail to leave upon the imagination a sense of gloom quite indescribable.

The Ventilation Fiend.

Ever since fresh air was invented has the earth been cursed with people who fancied themselves appointed to ladle out vast volumes, aerial cataracts, chilling torrents of fresh air to nervous, timid, delicate people who don't want a pint of it. The ventilation idiot, who has not seen him? Who has not suffered at his pitiless hands! Who has not longed to kill him! He haunts the railway-train, and makes his dwelling in the church; he goes to the theatre; he invades your offices; he tramples on the sanctity of your home; and, wherever he goes and wherever he comes, he brings with him blasts from Greenland and theories from the stormy caves of Æolus. And he sweeps down upon you, and your peace, and your tranquil home like a tornado, and he overwhelms you with fresh air until you want to suffocate. How you do hate him, the man whose hobby is ventilation.

Charley's Ghost Story.

"Talking of stealing," said Charley Bennet, dropping the pumpkin he was turning into a lantern, "did I ever tell you fellers about the time I went down to old Pop Robins's to steal apples, and came back past the barn where the horsethief hung himself years and years ago, 'cause he knew that the constables—they called 'em constables in those times—were after him, and that he'd be hung by somebody else if he didn't? No? Here's a ghost story for you, then, and I hope it will be a warning to you, all never to take anything that don't belong to you 'specially apples."

"You see, Billy Evans and I were staying with our folks at the hotel in Bramblewood that summer, and about two miles away was Pop Robin's farm. He used to bring eggs and chickens and vegetables and fruit to the hotel; and, oh my! wasn't he stingy!—you'd better believe it. He wouldn't even give you two or three blackberries, and if you asked him for an apple, he'd tremble all over. A reg'lar old miser he was, with lots of money, and a bully apple orchard. 'Let's go there some night and help ourselves,' says Billy Evans, one day. 'Dogs,, says I. 'Only one,' says he; 'I know him, and so do you—old Snaggletooth; I gave him almost all the meat we took for crab bait the day we didn't catch any. "All right' says I.

"But when the night we'd agreed on came, Billy had cousins—girls—down from New York, and he had to stay home and entertain them. I don't care much for girls myself, and I was afraid they might want me to help entertain them too, so I made up my mind to go down to Pop Robin's alone. It was a splendid night; the moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as day. I scudded along, whistling away, until I got within half a mile of the orchard, and then I stopped my noise and walked as softly as possible, till I came to the first apple tree. I shinned up that tree in a jiffy (old Snaggletooth didn't put in an appearance), filled my bag with jolly fat apples, and slid down again. But when I came to lift the bag up on my shoulder, I found it was awful heavy to carry so far, and I was just agoing to dump some of the apples out, when I remembered all of a sudden that if I cut across the meadow to the plank road, I could get back to the hotel in a little more than half the time it would take to go the way I came.

"So I shouldered my load and was nearly across the meadow before I thought of the haunted barn at the end of it. It wasn't a nice thing to remember; but I wasn't agoing to turn back, ghost or no ghost, and I tried to whistle again, when all at once that thing Al Smith was singing just now popped into my head, and says I to myself, 'That's so, Charles F. Bennet; you and your chums may think its great fun to help yourselves to other people's apples and water-melons and such things, but it's just as much stealing as though you went into a man's house and stole his coat.' It doesn't seem as bad when you're going for them, but you're coming back, up a lonely road, all alone, at ten o' clock at night, a lot of stolen apples on your back, and a haunted barn not far off, it seems worse.

"All the same, I held on to the apples And when I faced the barn I determined I'd whistle if I died in the attempt; but, boys, I don't believe anybody could have told that 'Yankee Doodle' from 'Auld Lang Syne.' I tell you my heart jumped; when I passed the tumble-down old place; but it stood still when, as I marched up the the plank-road, I heard a step behind me. I wheeled around in a instant, but there was nothing to be seen. The moon shone as bright as ever, but there was nothing to be seen! 'I must have imagined it,' says I to myself, and I walked a little faster, listening with all my might, and sure enough pat, pat, pat, came the step after me. Again I wheeled round. Not a thing did I see. And again I started on, the apples growing heavier and heavier. Pat, pat, pat, came the step. It wasn't like a human step. That made it more dreadful. 'It must be the ghost,' I thought; and I don't mind telling you, fellers, I never was so frightened in my life. The time I fell overboard was nothing to it. I made up my mind, when I reached the bridge that crossed a little brook near our hotel, I'd streak it (I hadn't exactly run yet for I was saving my strength till the last). But before I got to the bridge, says I to myself—and I must have said it out loud, though I didn't mean to—'Perhaps he want's the apples.'

"Apples!' repeated a hoarse voice, with a horrid laugh.

"I tell you, boys, those apples flew, and I flew too. Over the bridge I went like lightning, and ran right into Barney Reardon, one of the stablemen, who was coming to look for me. 'Something has followed me,' I gasped, 'from the haunted barn—the ghost!' 'Did you see it?' says he. 'No, says I, 'though I turned round a dozen times to look for it. But I heard it pat, pat, pat, behind me all the way.' 'And it's behind you now,' says Barney, bursting into a loud laugh. I jumped about six feet. 'There it is, says Barney, roaring again, and pointing to—Pop Robin's tame raven! The sly old thing looked up at me, nodded its shining black head, croaked 'Apples!' and walked off. It had followed me from the barn, and every time I wheeled quickly round, it hopped just as quickly behind me, and so of course I saw nothing but the long road and the moonlight on it. But I never want to be scared again, and if ever any of you boys go for anything belonging to other people, don't you count me in."

"What became of the apples?' asked Jerry O' Neil

"If you'd been there I could have told you," said Charley,

Longevity of Quakers.

It appears from the annual list of members of the Society of Friends, that the number of deaths among that body during the past year in Great Britian and Ireland, was 281. There are about 17,000 members; the mortality is consequently much below that of the population generally, and, again, the figures show the longevity which prevails amongst the members of the Society The infant mortality was very small, only 15 deaths of children under one year; between one and five years, eighteen occurred; between five and twenty years, eleven; between twenty and thirty years, nineteen; from thirty to forty years, fifteen; and eleven only between forty and fifty years,. Above fifty years old to sixty, the deaths were twenty-four; between sixty and seventy, forty-six; while from seventy to eighty—the most fatal period—the deaths were sixty-five; above eighty and below ninety the number was fifty-three; while from ninety to one-hundred, there were five deaths.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Preacher-in-charge absent attending annual session of Conference.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge,—Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

United Brethren.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—Pastor Tomlinson expects to attend a dedication at Troxelville, Snyder Co., next Sunday. No appointments therefore.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.

Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.

R. A. BUMILLER, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.

D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.

A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.

F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.

DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W.,	Wm. Galbraith,	Bellefonte
" S. W.	W C Heinle	"
" W W.	Wm Harper	"
Milesburg	Frank E Bible	Milesburg
Unionville	P J McDonnell	Unionville
Howard	A J Gardner	Howard
Philipsburg	C G Herlinger	Philipsb'g
Millheim	J H Reifsnyder	Millheim
Benner	Uriah Stover	Bellefonte
Boggs	Jas A McClain	Milesburg
Burnside	Wm Hepple	Pine Glenn
College	Sam'l Gilliland	Boalsburg
Curtin	David Delong	Howard
Ferguson, O. P.	Dan Driebelbis	State Col.
" N. P.	O M Sheets	Stormstown
Gregg	I. M Rishel	Spring M's
Haines	George Keister,	Aaronsb'g
Halfmoon	John Ward	Stormsto'n
Harris	Sam'l Isher	Boalsburg
Howard	David Tanyer	Howard
Huston	H G Chronister	Martha
Liberty	W H Gardner	Blanchard
Marion	John Hoy, Jr.	Walker
Miles	Sam'l K Faust	Millheim
Patton	G W Rumberger	Fillmore
Penn	W F Smith	Millheim
Potter, N. P.	D F Luse	Centre Hall
" S. P.	G W Spangler	Tusseyv'e
Rush	William Cullen	Philipsb'g
Snow Shoe	John G Uzzle	Snow Shoe
Spring	E C Wood	Bellefonte
Taylor	Samuel Hoover	Fowler
Union	J S Fredericks	Fleming
Walker	Samuel Decker	Zion
Worth	G R Williams	Pt Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.

FRANK E. BIBLE, Secretary.

Eight Years Ignored.

The men who are running Grant for a third term and an empire, present the record of their candidate's career in two chapters. The first begins with Vicksburg and ends with Appomattox. It deals with his military operations in the field. The second chapter begins with Grant's departure by Red Star steamer from Philadelphia in 1877, and contains the history of his wanderings over the face of the earth down to date. It records the honors said to have been paid him abroad, follows him around the globe, and enters minutely into the particulars of his appearance, behavior and conversation in Europe, Africa, Asia and the West Indies. The third-term men would like to have the country believe that their record in two chapters is complete.

But there is another and a very important chapter which they leave untold. From 1869 to 1877 Gen. Grant was President of the United States.

What sort of a President did he make? Did he turn his opportunities to good purposes or to bad? Was his Administration honest or dishonest? Did he call around him honorable men or scoundrels? Was the history of the eight years during which Grant held the office of President a history upon which good men dwell with pride or with shame?

The third-term shouters are silent about these eight years. But the people have not forgotten them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN the lengthy and comprehensive annual report of the board of directors of the Penna. R. R. Company the following is the only allusion to our road. We can not see much in it that would indicatce an early extension or completion of the road:

"The Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek Railroad was foreclosed under mortgage, and has since been reorganized as the Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad Company.

The man has at last been found who is willing to accept a nomination on the Republican ticket for Vice President with Grant for President. His name is Stewart L. Woodford, and he resides somewhere in New York state.

THE Selinsgrove *Times* thinks it would be a real nice thing for the Democrats of this congressional district to do, to elect the Hon. A. H. Dill to congress. Really, Frank, your suggestion deserves consideration.

Harmony in Prospect.

It is reported that an effort will soon be made by the democratic members of the New York legislature to harmonize the differences which divide the democracy in that state. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, which has been a very ardent supporter of Mr. Tilden, has recently announced its preference for Gen. Hancock as a candidate for the presidency, and its changed attitude on the presidential question has caused quite a stir in democratic circles not only in Kings county but throughout the state of New York. The course of that newspaper in announcing General Hancock as its choice is regarded by some of the wise men of Gotham as pointing the way to a reconciliation between the Tilden and anti-Tilden factions. It is thought that a union can be effected by an agreement that the delegation to Cincinnati shall support the hero of Gettysburg. While this is probably mere speculation it may not be without foundation in fact. The democrats of the Empire state recognize the fact that something must be done, and that speedily to reunite their broken columns. General Hancock has not been identified with either faction and his name can therefore be made a rallying point for both wings of the party. At any rate every well-wisher of the democratic party will be glad to know that a movement having for its object the restoration of harmony in the ranks of the New York democracy has been commenced, no matter in what direction those engaged in it may look for a presidential candidate. — *Harrisburg Patriot.*

Republic or Empire.

A Letter From Mr. Tilden.

15 GRAMERCY PARK,
New York, Feb, 21., 1880.

MY DEAR SIR:—My engagements here will deny me the pleasure of being present at the dinner of the Democratic Association of Massachusetts on the anniversary of the birth of Washington. I need not say how much I should be delighted to meet the company who will be assembled on that grand occasion.

Nothing could be more fit at the present time than to commemorate that day. It was the Father of his Country, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," who set the original example against a third term in the Presidential office. He made that memorable precedent as a guide to all his successors, and as an unwritten law of the American people. He did so in the light of a prevalent fear in the minds of the most ardent of the patriots who had achieved our national independence and created our system of free government, that indefinite reelegibility would degenerate into a practical life tenure.

The vast power acquired by the Federal Government over the elections by its officeholders, its patronage, the money it levies, and its various forms of corrupt influence, have developed this danger until it darkens the whole future of our country.

In the choice between the republic and the empire, we must believe that the people will be true to their ancestry and to mankind.

Tendering you assurances of my esteem, I am respectfully yours.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

HENRY W LEE, ESQ.,
Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democartic Association of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

Provision to be Made for Counting the Electoral Vote.

WASHINGTON, February 27.—The Democrats of Congress have determined that provision shall be made at this session for a method for the counting of the electoral vote. This will be done by a joint rule, as it was before the Democrats came into power in the House, under the rule adopted in 1865. This rule provided that an objection by either could throw out a State. The Democrats insist that this was adopted solely for the purpose of enabling either house to throw out the electoral vote of any Southern State. As soon as the Democrats obtained a majority in the House in the Forty-fourth Congress the Republican Senate refused to consider any joint rules, this among others, as operative. Democrats say they will make a fairer rule than the old one, for they do not believe that one house ought to have power to throw out the vote of a State.

"Sphoke too Late."

The meetings held in Chester, Chambersburg, Meadville and other points in favor of Blaine, are behind time. What does Cameron care for such expressions now, after he has captured the delegates? They are like the chirp of the chicken in the bad egg, when passing down the Irishman's throat, Pat quietly remarked, "You sphoke too late."

Death of Senator Bayard's Law Partner.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 3., '80.—Henry Pepper, the law partner of Senator Bayard, was found dead in bed here this morning. It is believed that he died from apoplexy during the night.

THE Greenbackers are going to hold a State convention at Harrisburg on the 23rd of the present month. What Greenback conventions are really good for we are unable to say.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 6th, 1880.

The Indians "must go" from the Indian Territory, or stay there at the peril of associating with white men. Considerate men in House and Senate are seeking for the best means of reconciling the inevitable extension of white civilization with the best interests of the Indians. To this end Mr. Carpenter has a resolution before the Senate, Mr. Vest a bill, and various members of the House propositions for either partial or complete change in evisting methods of government. The most radical is that of Senator Morgan whose proposed joint resolution declares that the XIV Amendment makes citizens of all Indians. This would stop the making of treaties, break up the anomalous government of the Indian Territory, and compel Indians everywhere to submit themselves to the same government as white men do.

This District has queer financial management. One piece of property is taxed, and interest charged if payment is delayed; another piece goes untaxed; another piece is taxed, and a "drawback" greater than the original tax is given. The facts have been of current knowledge here for years, but are being given to the public now for the first time through a Congressional investigation. The government of the District is in the hands of three men, appointed by—two of them by President Grant, and one by President Hayes. I would like to have Senator Thurman, or Senator Bayard, or some other prominent and influential Democratic Senator, inquire whether, with all the evils resulting from popular suffrage in cities, it is not better to let the District govern itself as all other communities in the United States do. We have a despotism, and naturally the despotism favors the rich as against the poor. Hence these frauds. The Democratic majority in this Congress will not do its duty unless it shall at least demand an equality of the people of this District with others.

Senator Logan concluded yesterday a four day's speech in Senate on the bill to relieve Fitz John Porter. There is a great effort on the part of Republicans to make this a party question, but many of that side will vote for the bill, and seek party advantage in some safer if not more creditable direction.

CARROLL.

The Storm.

CLEVELAND, O., March 5.—A terrific storm accompanied by thunder and lightning did great damage here this morning. Many chimneys, signs and trees were blown down, walls toppled over and several small frame buildings wrecked. The Cleveland female seminary on Woodland avenue was partly unroofed and a portion of the upper west wallwas torn off. About seventy young ladies were sleeping in the institution, but none were injured. The roof of the new brick wire mill of the Cleveland rolling mill company was uplifted and one of the walls was thrown in on the workmen, killing Julius Brown and severely wounding several others.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 5.—A terrific tornado passed over this city last night. A large number of houses were unroofed, chimneys blown down, trees uprooted, etc. The Central avenue Methodist church was almost entirely demolished. A dwelling house was lifted from its foundation and carried five or six feet. The inmates of the house escaped with but slight injury. Two or three persons were seriously injured, but so far as known, no lives were lost.

TOLEDO, O., March 5.—During a heavy storm of wind and rain early this morning the chimney of the Buckeye brewery was blown down, falling on and crushing the engine house in which policeman John Hassel and M. F. Doyle and the night watchman of the brewery had taken refuge. The former were killed and latter was severely injured. The wind did considerable damage to roofs, freight sheds, ets., and prostrated telegraph lines in all directions.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 5.—The burial casket work of C. E. Cunningham & Co., were struck by lightning last night and destroyed. Loss, $10,000. The storm was very severe.

A "Grow" Boom.

A copy of the Montrose *Republican* together with "Biographical sketch of Galusha A. Grow" in pamphlet form was recently sent us. The *Republican* has a lengthy leader bringing forward Mr. Grow as a candidate for U. S. Senator, in place of Hon. W. A. Wallace, whose term will expire March 4th next.

We can hardly believe that the *Republican* expects Democratic papers to assist in starting a Grow boom, and yet that may just be the truth in the matter. For years Mr. Grow has been a real or prospective candidate for U. S. Senator, or for almost any other office that just happend to be vacant, but the fates seem to be against him. In point of ability, integrity, and general elements of popularity, Mr. Grow has few equals and no superiors, among Republicans in Pennsylvania, but he is not made of stuff to suit the Cameron Dynasty, and of course stands no chance whatever.

The *Republican* seems to be a trifle verdant in politics, else it would not spend time and money in sending "Grow" literature to Democratic papers. The Democratic party (in fact everybody) is fully satisfied with the services of the Hon. W. A. Wallace and it would be no improvement to send Mr. Grow in his stead, although he is a very clever man, for a Republican.

In bringing Mr. Grow before the people the *Republican* further betrays its ignorance of how politics are managed in Pennsylvania, since the Cameron ring carries the state in their pockets. Neither the press, the legislature or the people have anything to say as to who shall be our public officers. The ring substantially appoint our officers and the voters have at best only a ratifying power.

If the *Republican* wishes to see Mr. Grow U. S. Senator, it must first get the consent of the Cameron Dynasty and the thing is done, provided that a Republican legislature be elected next November. It is altogether unseasonable and utterly useless to start a "Grow" boom in the manner the Montrose *Republican* does.

MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS.

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PROPRIETORS.

The old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, at prices that defy competition.

COUCHES,

MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES,

of all sizes, styles and prices made on short notice.

The proprietors hope, by

Strict Attention

TO

FAIR DEALING

&

GOOD WORK

to merit the continued confidence of their friends and patrons, and of the public at large.

Shops east of Bridge,

Millheim, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of W. S. Harter, deceased, will offer at public sale, at Millheim, on Saturday, March 27th, 1880, the following valuable property: All that certain House and Lot situate in the Boro' of Millheim, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north by Main street, on the east by lot of the M. E. Church, on the south by mill race, and on the west by lot of Caroline Gobble, containing about one fourth acre, more or less. Thereon is erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Terms: One half of the purchase money shall be paid upon confirmation of sale, and the other half in a year, with interest. To be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

Sale to commence at one o'clock of said day.

B. O. DEININGER,
Administrator.

TURNPIKE ELECTION.—Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the Bellefonte, Aaronsburg and Youngmanstown turnpike company, that an election will be held at the house of Wm. Inhoff, in Mifflinburg, on Tuesday, March 9th 1880, for the purpose of electing a board of managers.

By the Board,
John Stoner, Pres't.
3t

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Gregg township a dark red steer, supposed to be about one and a half years old. The owner is notified and requested to prove property, pay charges, and take the same away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

W. H. BLOOM.

Gregg township, Dec. 18, 1880.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Magdalene Garret late of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB SHULTZ,
Executor.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Neese, late of Gregg township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

S. J. HERING,
WM. H. NEESE,
Administrators.
4-6t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Harriett Breon, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

P. T. MUSSER,
Executor.
4-6t

DR. D H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa

JOHN H. GRAY,

Fashionable Barber.

Two doors west of Millheim Hotel,

MILLHEIM, PA.

CENTRE COUNTY FARMERS' HOME,

THE BUSH HOUSE.

Prices to Suit the Times.

Improved Stabling and careful Hostlers. Low special rates to Jurymen and Witnesses. Cleanliness, comfort unexcelled.

NO DISCRIMINATION.

against the Producers, than whom none are more worthy, or more entitled to attention. The Bush House having over three times the capacity of other hotels, there is no occasion or disposition to place the guests in attic rooms. This accounts for its growing Local Trade. We do not trust your horses to the care and profit of parties disconnected with the hotel.

J. H. MYERS,
Proprietor.
54-6 tf.

MARTIN FREE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Window Shades,

OFFICE AND STORE

956 North Second Street,

FACTORY,

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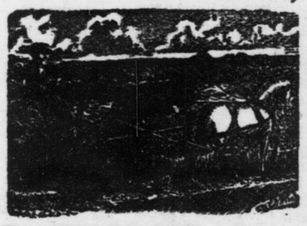
PHILADELPHIA.

First Class Work and Low Prices.

Country Trade Respectfully Solicited.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS,
President of New York Dairymen's Asso.

The cutting of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines.
GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect.
V. E. PIOLLET,
State Grange Lecturer, Wyoz, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. E. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

PATENTS

and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—

GILMORE, SMITH & CO.
Solicitors of Patents,
Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.

N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

PENSIONS!

Procured for Soldiers disabled in the U. S. service from any cause, also for Heirs of deceased soldiers. All pensions date back to day of discharge, and to date of the death of the soldier. Pensions increased. Address, with stamp,

STODDART & CO.,
3-4t 913 E. St. N. W. Washington, D. C.



VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,

Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.



Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Olcographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR"

THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.



STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.



MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

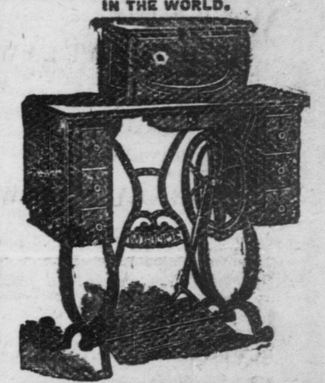
THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim

OF BEING THE

VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No 358 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

Taylor & Farley CABINET ORGAN,

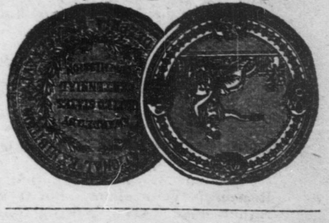
BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.





HIGHEST HONORS

AT THE

Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

THE

SHONINGER ORGANS

PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognised by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THIS ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to

B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,

97 to 123 CHESTNUT STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

B. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—The stormy March—yes, he is here; we all know it.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—A full line of school books just received and for sale at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE.

—A splendid private residence with the good will of a medical practice for sale. For particulars apply at this office. tf.

—Rachau & Co., Merchants at Farmers' Mills, have dissolved partnership. The firm is now H. H. Rachau, and may it be abundantly successful.

—Give Lewin a call and you can save at least 25 per cent. on everything you buy there. The Philadelphia Branch Store is your place.

—A splendid line of Family and Pocket Bibles just received at the Journal Book Store, very cheap. Call and see.

—Wm. H. Reifsnyder offers his services to the public as auctioneer. He only asks to be given a fair chance in his new business and guarantees to give satisfaction. tf.

CALVES.—The subscriber gives notice that he is all the time prepared to pay the highest cash price for calves. He will come and fetch them at any place in Penn or Haines township, if notified.

J. Willis Musser,
tf. Woodward, Pa.

—*Don't you forget*" that all goods in Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Store, Bellefonte, are marked in plain figures.

—Just received at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE, a full line of blank books, ledgers, day-books, blotters, pass-books, memorandas, ets., also a new lot of S. S. reward cards.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE sells all the school books recently adopted by the school boards of Millheim Boro', Penn, Haines, Miles and Gregg townships.

—Lewisburg now tries to get up a soldiers' monument excitement. All right, men and brethren; but how about the cotton factory project, has it died out already?

—Lock Haven is going to build an extensive furniture factory—not on paper but on a good substantial foundation. Work has already been commenced. Well what is Millheim going to do in the line of improvements?

—All goods guaranteed just as they are represented, *or money refunded*, at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Clothing House.

—The market reports give whiskey steady. That may be true but we have seen it make people very *unsteady*.

—Six millions of hats are made in Berks county every year. How many are made in Centre county?

—The Central Mfg. Co., of Lewisburg, is making preparations for a big business the coming season. They manufacture about the best reaper offered in the market.

—Some eight or ten criminal cases are to be tried this week at Lewisburg. That is a big business in that particular line, for Union county.

—For splendid diagonal suitings, go to the Philadelphia Branch One price clothing store, in Bellefonte, S. Lewin, Manager.

—The storm that swept with such fearful rage over the country last Friday left his marks also in this neighborhood, although no very heavy damage was done. The barns of Jonathan Harter, Samuel Ard and Wm. Wirt, in Penn township, and Samuel Lose, in Miles township were partially unroofed. We have not heard of any other damage except a pretty general leveling of fences.

—Rev. W. C. McCool, of New Berlin, has received a call from the Turbotville charge, in Northumberland county. He has accepted and expects to remove into his new charge soon. Mr. McCool received a very flattering vote—171 for him to 2 against him. Hope he may do much good in his new field of labor.

—The Rev. Mr. Siegel preached trial sermons in the Reformed congregations of this charge on last Sabbath, giving very general satisfaction as far as heard from. The lower or St. Paul's congregation voted for him unanimously. The Aaronsburg congregation will hold their election next Sunday afternoon immediately after the closing of the Sunday School; and the Salems on Sunday morning, following a sermon to be delivered by Rev. D. M. Wolf.

—Mifflinburg just now seems to be the boss temperance town in Pennsylvania. They have a population of 1200 –1500, but not a single licensed tavern or saloon in the whole town. The citizens have tried this plan for one year and are so well pleased with it that they oppose the granting of license to the single applicant who is trying for it now.

Mifflinburg has a right to be proud of her high and noble attitude in the sacred cause of temperance.

Public Sale Register.

Jas. D. Gentzle, Administor of John Gentzle, tract of timberland in Seven Mountain, Gregg township, March 27., 1880.

Henry Corman, Miles township, Thursday, March 18., 1880. Farm-stock and Implements.

Lewis Brungard, Miles township, March 12th, 1880. Farm stock and Implements.

Henry Dutweiler's sale of Farm stock and Implements will come off near Centre Mills, on Tuesday, March 16., 1880.

Caroline Boyer, Aaronsburg, household goods, Thursday, March 11th.

John Zeigler, Haines Twp., March 22nd, 1880. Farming Implements, &c.

—For fine dress suits go to the Philadelphia Branch Clothing Store, Bellefonte, S. Lewin, Manager.

ALLEGHANY CONFERENCE, of the U. B. Church, held its annual session recently at Greensburg, Pa. The preachers for this district were stationed as follows:

EAST DISTRICT—*D. Speck, P. E.*
Altoona, M. Spangler; Tyrone, R. S. Woodward; Hollidaysburg, A. E. Fulton; Fallen Timber, J. Felix; Bellefonte and Millheim, J. M. Smith and B. J. Himmel; Port Matilda, L. W. Stahl; Otterbein, W. H. Mattern; Clearfield, U. Conly; Burnside, D. Steele; New Paris, J. E. McClay; Juniata, W. A. Jackson; Three Springs, E. A. Zeek; Shade Gap, J. F. Tallhelm; Liverpool, J. A. Clemm; East Salem, J. Landis; Somerset, J. H. Pershing; H. A. Thompson, President of Otterbein University; D. D. DeLong, President of Lebanon Valley College; George A. Funkhauser and Geo. Keister, Professers in Union Biblical Seminary; M. P. Doyle, employed by East Pennsylvania Conference.

—For fair and square dealing, go to Lewin's Philadelphia Branch, one price clothing house, Bellefonte.

Report of the Stationing Committee of the Central Penna. Conference of the Evangelical Association.

JUNIATA DISTRICT.
U. F. SWENGEL, P. E.

1. *Big Spring*—J. F. Shultz.
2. *Leesburg*—H. W. Gross.
3. *Hagerstown*—J. M. Longsdorf.
4. *Marysville*—George Joseph.
5. *Newport and Patterson*—G. E. Zehner.
6. *Perry*—J. M. Brader.
7. *Liverpool*—S. W. Seibert.
8. *McClure*—N. Young and E. P. Leonard.
9. *Middleburg*—C. F. Deininger and E. James.
10. *Union*—I. M. Pines.
11. *Mifflinburg*—P. C. Weidemyer.
12. *Port Treverton*—J. W. Bentz.
13. *Centre*—S. Smith and W. H. Hartman.
14. *Brush Valley*—W. H. Stover.
15. *Juniata*—L. K. Harris.

B. F. Hall, member of Marysville Quarterly Conference.

J. G. M. Swengel, member of Middleburg Quarterly Conference.

—The riot bribery case came up in the Dauphin county court on Monday, when Salter, Kemble, Crawford and Rumberger plead guilty. George F. Smith comes next.

—Just as we go to press we hear of the death of Ex-Sherriff Albright, which to place at Lewisburg on Sunday.

—We have had for the past week or so such a full assortment of weather that every taste ought to be fully satisfied for a while, and no complaint about the weather should be heard for some time. Beautiful sunshine, copious rains, hail, storm, snow, and a mixture of nearly all of them have followed each other in rapid succession. The weather man is doing his best to suit us all.

—Money sold for 30¢ per cent. for permanent loan, on Monday evening, at the meeting of the B. & L. Association.

—Yoney D., from Centre Hall, was down again, as usual, on Monday, to attend the meeting of the B. & L. Association. He didn't grow a bit since we last saw him.

—Jerome Spigelmyer inaugurated the flitting season on last Tuesday. He *emigrated* from Rebersburg to Woodward.

AARONSBURG CRUMBS.

A little fall of snow on Sunday—just to remind us that old Winter has not quite forgotten his duty.

Mr. Warrie Bollinger, a former resident of our town, and a son of Mr. Geo. Bollinger, was among the departing ones for Kansas, last week. His name did not appear in the list.

Rev. Siegel's sermon in the Reformed church, on Sabbath, seemed to give general satisfaction.

Thieves entered the house of Col. J. P. Coburn, one night last week, and rummaged very freely, without, however, obtaining anything. A good many articles of value were where they might easily have been gotten, but they seem not to have found them. Mr. Coburn thinks they were "preachers", because they so conscientiously refrained from taking anything.

Mr. Michael Fiedler was similarly visited, last week, and the thieves succeeded in carrying off some plunder, though not a great deal.

Our Aaronsburg boys are quite indignant over the fact that one of your little Millheim misses considers so many of them "loafers". It was hard to be obliged to listen to such an opinion, so publicly expressed.

X. Y.

—The German Exhibition last Saturday evening was a splendid affair. The old programme had been much changed and improved by ommitting the select reading and putting comic dialogues in their steads. R. A. Bumiller opened the exercises with a salutatory, followed by an oration, entitled "Mein Gruss an Pennsylvanien" delivered by Miss Josephine Kaufman, the teacher of the German evening school. The performances were well rendered and especially such characters as "Die Sus un der Pit" by Miss Alice Radabaugh and Mr. F. O. Metzger, "Die unzufriedenen Eheleute" by the same lady and Mr. W. T. Auman, "Die neue Sort Dschentelleut" by Mr. Robt. H. R. Harter, "Der reiche Herr im Deich" by Mr. Jno. F. Harter, "Uebers Sparken" by Wm. Stover and Frank Weiser, "Das Hobellied" and "Der Schulmeister mit dem Schnurrbart" by Mr. Jno. W. Lose, "Die deutsche Singschule" by Mr. J. R. VanOrmer, deserve all praise for their first class execution. But the crown of the evening was the "German Wedding" in which pantomime the whole class participated, and is indeed worth seeing. Mr. Wm. H. Rote closed the performances with a well delivered valedictory. The programme was interspersed by vocal music of a high order, and instrumental music renderd by our celebrated Cornet Band. The hall was crowded by an orderly and attentive audience.

This exhibition will be repeated in Madisonburg on next Saturday evening.

—Louis Doll's Boot and Shoe Store, in Bellefonte, is just the place to go for a first class article of boots, ladies' or gentlemen's shoes, gaiters and slippers. If you go to Bellefonte and are in want in Mr. Doll's line, don't fail to go there. Both quality and price will suit you.

—The Harrisburg *Patriot* says that Daniel Gibson, a colored man supposed to be 110 years old, died in West Cain township, Centre county, on Friday last.

No; the good old darkey must have attained the patriachal age and died somewhere else, for we have no township in Centre county of such a hateful name as West Cain.

—Very many persons are just now severely afflicted with the game of "fifteen." Havn't heard though whether Millheim has any very dangerous cases.

Communicated.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of last week we notice a communication signed "Spectator", criticising a paper read by us at a late entertainment given by the S. L. Society, of Spring Mills. Your correspondent says he approves of a good paper, but when it is composed entirely of "ridicule" and "sarcasm" he does not approve of it.

Now in our opinion, the paper had *more good, sound sense* in it than there is in "Spectator's" communication; and we are *sorry* he was so "entirely disgusted" with it. He goes so far as to say, that the whole paper did not contain a single item of good, sound sense. Now we would respectfully call the gentleman's attention to one piece in particular, entitled "Mind your own Business," and if he take the trouble to call on the editors he can have the satisfaction of reading it, with the hope that he will profit by it. We admit we had better go to school awhile yet, but we have gone long enough to know that ye don't know anything, but we think from the style of "Spectator's" communication, he has not got that far yet. As to our studying the model of some county paper, we do not propose to issue one, consequently choose the style which suits our case best. He concludes his article with the following: "This Society promises to have another public entertainment this season, but I do hope that before the time its editors will have learned some little sense of propriety if they have any!" What an expression for so profound a scholar as "Spectator"! We think he has been trying to solve that terrible game of fifteen, which has muddled his brain a little. For the benefit of "Spectator" we would say, that there will be another paper read similar in style to the last one, and if he was *so disgusted* with it, his room will be preferable to his presence at our next entertainment.

EDITORS LITERARY STAR.

Spring Mills, Pa.
March 8th, 1880.

NEWS FROM BRUSH.

Each of our three applicants for census enumerator is certain of success. Hope none will be disappointed.

County Superintendent Meyer is nearly through with his arduous task of visiting schools.

Rev. F. Aurand, the Lutheran Pastor, has handed in his resignation, to take effect April 1st. He leaves many friends.

Our select school will open some time in April. We trust it will again receive a liberal support.

Tramps are again roaming extensively throughout our neighborhood. During the night they lodge in our school houses.

Mrs. Rev. Lees, daughter of Mr. Wm. Bair, dec'd, and formerly of this valley, is here on a visit. Her present home is Cincinnati.

The storm last Friday has done considerable damage. Fences were blown down, trees uprooted, and even Mr. Samuel Lose's barn was partially unroofed.

Our new auctioneer, Mr. J. F. Wate, has given perfect satisfaction at Mrs. Young's sale a few days ago.

Mr. Samuel Lose has the contract to build the new Reformed church at Madisonburg. Mr. Lose is the boss church builder in Centre county; perhaps in Central Pennsylvania.

QUIZ?

List of Jurors for April Term.

GRAND JURORS.

Jam Hamilton, Benner	E D Hall, Howard twp.
William Scholl, Gregg	William Grove, Benner
J H Odenkirk, Potter	Louis Doll, Bellefonte
Charles Shiffler, Potter	George M Bogl, Potter
George Kline, College	S A M'Quistion, Bellef'e
H B Twitmire, Walker	John Bing, Unionville
Morris Furey, Spring	D W Herring, Liberty
D J Moyer, Potter	John Gishel, Potter
Philip Meyer, Harris	W W Spangler, Potter
E Records, Worth	Joseph Ross, Spring
W P Weaver, Spring	Luther M Beck, Walker
Samuel Everts, Penn	Wm A Kerr, Potter

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J E Way, Union	Jos Walker, Miles
Shuman Lyon, Spring	S S Peck, Walker
Jacob Condo, Harris	H G Carbolster, Huston
James Morrison, Worth	Henry G Royer, Miles
R J Kelley, Worth	T Merryman, Taylor
Lewis Dunkle, Marion	G Adams, Philipsburg
G W Spangler, Potter	Wm Askey, Snow Shoe
Ed Graham, Bellefonte	John G Miles, Huston
F Gowland, Philipsb'g	Wm Earhart, Potter
John Leech, Harris	Joseph L Nolt, Boggs
Daniel Runkle, Gregg	J B Newcomer, Burns'o
Al Owens, Philipsburg	E C Campbell, Millheim
G H Zeigler, Philipsb'g	Hez Sprowl, Walker
Edward Smith, Boggs	A Woodring, Huston
C Munson, Philipsburg	El Chambers, Patton
D Mattern, Half Moon	Ham Sechler, Bellef'te
Al Hosterman, Potter	William Swab, Potter
John B McCord, Rush	Henry Heverly, Spring
Roland C Irvin, Boggs	J B Williams, Worth
Curtin Moyer, Rush	Isaac Gray, Patton
William Neese, Gregg	Ira C Fisher, Half Moon
N Askey Howard twp.	Ephraim Keller, Potter
L Metzger, Liberty	Jonas Stine, Patton
J Rumberger, Patton	F E Bible, Milesburg

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

John W Morris, Taylor	Wilson Russell, Haines
John Reese, Benner	T Wilson, Half Moon
William Wagner, Boggs	James C Boal, Potter
B A Brew, Bellefonte	A Atherton, Philipsb'g
J G Larimer, Spring	Samuel Glenn, College
L Steinrock, Rush	J C Bathgate, College
B F Emerick, Walker	Samuel Ard, Penn
Joseph Gates, Ferguson	Wm Eckley, Bellefonte
Amos Garbrick, Benner	Isaac Stover, Spring
David Barr, Ferguson	Jac Garbrick, Walker
Jacob McCool, Gregg	Charles S Beck, Walker
W Calderwood, Taylor	W W Beck, Marion
A J Dress, Philipsburg	John C Smull, Miles
A W Ulrich, Penn	A J Orndorf, Fergusen
John Sheffler, Spring	Hen Fishburn, Benner
T P Christ, College	J Gilliland, Snow Shoe
Geo R Boak, Burnside	S K Emerick, Union
S D Erb, Ferguson	Aaron R Hall, Union

TRAVERSE JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

J W Henney Potter	S Steffe, Ferguson
H E Duck, Penn	M Vliedeffer, Burnside
Cyrus G Bright, Haines	George Taylor, Boggs
N Brumgard, Miles	J R Alexander, Spring
Perry Condo, Marion	Joseph Riseel, Gregg
Fred Decker, College	D M Bitger, Rush
Luther Stover, Haines	Henry S Wolf, Miles
Isaac Dawson, Spring	C M Else, Milesburg
John Swartz, Boggs	A F Harney, Boggs
B F Vonada, Marion	J Fassmore, Philipsb'g
John A Hazel, Spring	David Fidler, Penn
J C Walker, Boggs	David Spotts, Union
A Cook, Bellefonte	Jacob Woodring, Worth
Sam B Meyers, Boggs	Thom Parsons, Huston
Wm Taylor, Howard tp	A C Hinton, Snow Shoe
Gerner Freeman, Rush	J A J Fugate, Huston
C McCafferty, Bellef'te	Thom Frank, Millheim
James Hanna, Gregg	Noah Weaver, Haines

News Miscellaney.

Jesse McCollum, of Belleville, Mifflin county, has been driving stage for fifteen years. In that time he traveled 84,992 miles, and never missed a solitary day or a single trip.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

There is a woman in Wisconsin who has been married fifty-eight years and who has never missed building the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire escape on record.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A Pottsville lad, in imitation of the girls, jumped a rope 384 times and then gave up for want of breath. In the evening he took violently sick, and died two days later.

From the Lewistown *Gazette* we understand that there is a movement on foot to have the names of all petitioners to liquor license applications published, and where any person signs more than one petition to oppose its being granted.

MARRIED.

On the 16th ult., by Rev. W. F. Fisher, Mr. Cyrus Brungard, of Rebersburg, and Miss Dollie Emerich, of Centre Hall.

Nun, was lange dauert wird am Ende gut. Unser Hut ist ab; wir wuenshen Gluek, auch wenn wir keinen Kuchen bekamen. Do is unser "*Latsch*" (🐸) Cyrus.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Limestone Twp., Union Co. on the 24th Feb., by Rev. J. D. Reardon, Rev. M. L. Ross, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sunbury, and Miss Sadie E. Chambers, daughter of Benjamin Chambers.

On the 6th inst., by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Henry W. Schade, and Miss Maggie Stover, both of Miles township.

DIED.

On the 3rd inst., in Lewisburg, Mrs. Hannah Nicely aged 93 years and 23 days.

On the 5th inst., in Tyrone, Pa., Eliza A. wife of David C. Stine, formerly of Millheim, aged about 44 years.

On the 1st inst., near Rebersburg, Mrs. Catherine Sharp, aged 46 years, 3 months and 14 days.

She had been suffering for a long time and her only desire was to go to the home above. Her last request was that her only son and daughter-in-law should meet her in heaven.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,
The wandring Angels see;
Be thou astonished O, my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear,
In heaven above no sin is found,
And there is no weeping there.

***

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	1.25
Wheat No. 2	1.20
Corn	45
Rye	60
Oats White	35
Oats, Black	33
Buckwheat	50
Flour	7.00
Bran & Shorts, per cwt	18.00
Salt, per Brl	200
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.00
Butter	22
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	12
Potatoes	25
Lard	6
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.60
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.40
Pea "	3.80

J. H. BAULAND'S

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS,

—AT—

THE BEE HIVE ONE PRI E EX LUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE

I am offering the *LARGEST, BEST* and *CHEAPEST*

stock of Dry Goods in Centre county.

EVERY ONE SAYS THAT IS THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS. GO THEN AND BE CONVINCED.

—ALL GOODS AT ALL TIMES SOLD AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.—

Having received an immense Stock of Goods before the advance, I am able to sell Cheaper than any other Store in Town.

☞ALL MY GOODS ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

HOPING TO RECEIVE AN EARLY CALL, I remain, respectfully, yours,

J. H. BAULAND.

My motto is, "*ONE PRICE—THE VERY LOWEST, AND NO MISREPRESENTATION.*"

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH CLOTHING HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

GOLDSMITH, STEIN & HEXTER,

PROPRIETORS.

Our Stock is Immense in Quantity and First Class in Quality.

Our Prices are AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

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A beautiful work of **100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and Five Hundred Illustrations,** with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with price of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.
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DAV. I. BROWN,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
TINWARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.
Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.
SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.
Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

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Highest market price paid for all kinds of
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Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.
COAL, PLASTER & SALT
Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
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BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
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First Class in all respects.
CENTRALLY LOCATED.
Just the place for the business man, the farmer, the mechanic.
☞ *Omnibus to all trains.* ☜

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ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,
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First Class Goods, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis' Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

TO THE READERS of the JOURNAL.
I would like to call your attention to my very large stock of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS
which I am selling CHEAPE than any other house in Clinton or Centre counties. The
ELMIRA KIP BOOT
double Soles and Tap. only
$2.50.
This is the best bargain I ever offered. They are selling everywhere for $3.00
Don't forget the place
No. 115, Main Street,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Very Respectfully Yours,
Jacob Kamp.

FOX'S PATENT
Breech-Loading Shot Gun

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.
A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to
AMERICAN ARMS CO.
103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, Nov. 9th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore	9 07 a. m.
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 a. m.
" "	Renovo	11 00 a. m.
" arr. at	Erie	7 55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	8 00 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	2 25 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	3 50 p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	7 25 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	8 40 p. m.
EASTWARD.		
PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore	7 23 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	12 05 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	3 40 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven	11 20 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	12 10 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	4 10 p. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 20 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 40 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	9 50 p. m.
" "	Williamsport	11 10 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	2 45 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 50 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make connection at Lock Haven with P. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
LEAVE			
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30	[illegible]	
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
LEAVE			
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

West India Docks.

You approach the West India Docks through the Great Eastern Railway Company's terminus at Fenchurch street; and nowhere in England are railway appointments more abominable. Greasy platforms under rickety sheds; trains like that "string of second-hand coffins" in which Artemus Ward travelled to the south; servants who look as if they had been rigged out at random by contract with the second-hand slop-dealers in Houndsditch. The mixture of your fellow-passenger is picturesque, though you may be surprised to meet most of them in first-class carriages; and already you are conscious of some reflections of the sunshine of Eastern lands. The diamond that adorns the middle finger of that shipbroker opposite has a barbaric look; and the talk of the gentleman in shaggy pilot cloth, with the slight gold circlets in his rosy ear, is of reefs in the Red Sea and the bars of Chinese rivers. It is characteristic by the way that he presses a full flavored manilla on the good-humored woman who is hugged under his arm and who is evidently his lawful wife; while as for the lady, she bites the end of the cigar as if she were used to it, and laughingly proceeds to light the weed at her lord's. The steep descent from the platform of the dock station is like diving down the companion hatch into the forecastle, except that you emerge into space and comparative light. The sun is blinking feebly through a watery fog, and as yet the scene is intensely British. There is a ceaseless roll of heavy traffic on the thoroughfares; the driver of the trucks and wagons and frollies are swearing with Anglo-Saxon energy as they choke in the gulf stream before the narrow bridges; there are gangs of laborers busy under the cranes that creak hoarsely from the dock lofts overhead. As you pass the gates where the policeman stand sentinel, the first appearances are decidedly depressing. Considering the damp that pervades the murky atmosphere, you do not wonder that the adjacent public houses are doing a lively trade. Dimly through the veil of vapor you distinguish the masts and spars of the tier of shipping, while the solid cordage of their riggings shows like the delicate tracery work in a cobweb.

But, in connection with the East, what strikes one most in the docks nowadays—especially in the Victoria Docks—is the enormous number of Oriential seaman. All the steamers passing through the Suez Canal are manned by crews of Lascars; and the Canal and the Lascars together have wrought a complete revolution in the Eastern traffic. Within the memory of man it has passed through three distinct stages. First were the golden days of the East India Company's navy, when happy officials were shaking the pagoda tree, and freights of priceless value were being shipped from a country that was popularly believed an El Dorado. The very pickings of the trade were so valuable that a captain could gain a competency in a single trip; and we believe that, after making the fortune that three voyages insured him, he was compelled to retire in favor of his juniors. The came Waghorn and his exploration of the Overland route, and the establishing of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The men who used to furnish their cabins sumptuously for the long voyage around the Cape, who used to victual themselves with all manner of private delicacies and lay in cases of wine and casks of aerated waters, were precisely those to whom time seemed valuable and who did not grudge the prices of the new route. The Peninsular and Oriental Company for years had a monopoly of aristocratic business: and, it may be said, they well deserved it. If they charged high they gave value for the money in the shape of swift and punctual passages, with every reasonable luxury. The passage paid, you travelled *en grand seigneur*. It gladdened the heart of the share-holder after the railway had been opened across the Isthmus, to see the crowds of passengers at the meeting of the tides that overflowed the hotel accommodation of Alexandria. And, though their vessels were built for the accommodation of passengers, what freight they carried—in handy little packages of silks and muslins—was extremely valuable. M. Lesseps, in his character of cosmopolitan benefactor knocked that lucrative monopoly on the head. Henceforth the company had to compete with rival associations whose steamers had been built especially for the canal trade. It has been forced to rebuild its fleets, reduce its charges, cut down the salaries and pay of its employess, and man its ships with Lascars on both sides of the Isthmus. The public generally have cause to be grateful, except for the single drawback that the comfortable old paddle boats are done away with. It must be allowed, however, that several of the newest vessels, such as the Kaiser-i-Hind, with her saloon that can dine 180 passengers, her spacious sleeping cabins, and her ten bath rooms, are magnificent. And the Kaiser, for example, is built to carry 3000 tons of cargo without in any way affecting her speed. It used to be said that the Lascars were irritable and revengeful, so that they were generally kept in a minority in the crew. So far, however, it has been found in practice that they are sober and amenable to discipline. But the first thing done with them is to deprive them of the knives they carry. They are berthed tier over tier in a great saloon in the forecastle, screened off from the quartermaster's cabins behind by canvas that may be raised for purposes of supervision. They include men of all the manlier Indian races Sikhs, Pathans, and Afghans among the rest—and no fewer than 18,000 of them have been passed already through the books of the Peninsular and Oriental Company alone.

Cheap Way to Get a Will.

A millionaire who lived and died in the vicinity of New York, as he felt his last days drawing nigh, summoned a distinguished neighbor and lawyer, who since has occupied one of the highest positions in the gift of representatives of the people, to prepare a last will and testament. When the will was drawn the dying man said: "I propose to make you my executor, and I shall require no bond from you. Write that also." The ex-Judge complied, after thanking his client, and promised to execute the will to the best of his ability.

"What is your bill for drawing up my will?" asked the millionaire.

"Oh, under the circumstances, of course I shall charge you nothing," was the answer.

"But," said the other, "that is not my way of doing business. Make out and receipt a bill for your services and I will pay you now."

"Well, since you insist, I will make out a bill for a nominal sum—say $25." And this member of the Bar, who seldom draws breath without charging some one for the respiration, made out and receipted for $25, a bill which under other circumstances would have been $500.

The good man died and was buried, when the will was read it was found that the name of his son had been inserted in place of that of the distinguished lawyer. The ruling passion was strong in death. The man who knew how to accumulate wealth understood the value of a tightly drawn will and the difference between $25 and $500. He had merely copied the words in the order they were written by his legal friend and thus obtained an executor of his own choosing.

OLD maid's laughter—He! he! he!

HOW TO MANAGE CUTTINGS.—In selecting a cutting, a great deal depends upon the judicious choice; if the slip is too young and full of fresh sap, it will fade away from too much evaporation; if it is too old, hard and woody—it will take a great while to strike root. You must take a cutting that is perfectly ripened and is from a vigorous shoot, yet a little hardened at the base. It is also essential to have a bud or joint at or near the end of the cutting, as all roots strike from it, and the nearer it is to the base the greater your chance of success. Plant your cuttings in common red pots, filled half full of rich loam and two inches of sand on top (scouring sand will do, but not sea sand); wet this thoroughly, and put the cuttings close around the edge of the pot, for if the bud or joint comes in contact with the surface of the pot it seems to strike root more quickly. Pull off the lower leaves before you plant the cutting. Press the wet sand tightly about the tiny stem, for a great deal of your success in raising the cutting depends upon the close contact of sand with the stem. When the cuttings are firmly planted, cover them with a glass shade if possible, as it will greatly promote the growth of the plant. Moisture, light and heat, are the three essentials to plant life; without them no cutting will start. Shade for two or three days from the sunlight, but don't let the sand become dry; then give all the sun you can obtain, keep up a good supply of moisture, and you can hardly fail to root most of your cuttings.

CHEAP SHEDDING FOR STOCK.—In very many sections of our farming community, cheapness rules the day generally, and often of necessity. Where cheapness may serve the same purpose as the expenditure of considerable hard-earned cash, then it is best to adopt the former. In this matter of shedding, where lumber is both scarce and high priced, and where the cash on hand is needed for other things, temporary, as well as comfortable, shelters for stock can be erected at no other expense than that entailed by the labor expended. Stout timbers, six or eight inches in diameter, of oak, maple or other strong wood, are planted about ten feet apart, and about six to eight feet out of the ground, having "crotches" or forked ends at the top on which to lay other timbers parallel with the ground. Across these old rails are laid about two feet apart and on them is piled the corn fodder as it comes from the fields in bundles. These bundles are laid on from five to ten or more in depth, and so arranged as to carry off the rains. These make excellent shelters for the stock, if built with the open side facing the south, and by the time the fodder is used off them, the warm days are upon us. We recommend the above to those who are short of stabling room for their cattle.

STRAW AS HORSE FEED.—I have fed many horses all winter on straw and grain—no hay—with entire satisfaction. I have even fed so, with great advantage, when the horses have been steadily employed at heavy work, and in other instances when they have had only occasional light road work. It has been said that nature made two animals gluttons—the horse and man. It is true of the horse. But fed on straw the horse is not likely to eat too much. The nutriment should be supplied mainly by grain, the purpose of the straw being mainly to distend the stomach and aid the animal economy to maintain thrift otherwise than by the nutriment supplied in the straw. In taking horses from hay to straw, they are likely to show uneasiness for a few days, but not long. They soon become contented and thrive just as well as when stuffed with the best hay, and they are far less likely, when kept idle, to become injured in wind. I believe most cases of heaves are caused directly by over-eating when the horses are kept with insufficient work.

A WASTEFUL INTEREST PAID BY FARMERS.—There is no disputing the fact that any farm implement, be it wagon, plow, harrow, reaper, rake, or what not, if left exposed to rain and sun for ten years, will be practically good for nothing. We might say at five years, but if any choose to cavil in five we will say ten. *This is ten per cent. per annum.* At a cost of less than one per cent. these tools can be kept always housed, or under cover of some kind, even it but rough boards, that will shut out sun and rain. Because we do not see the silent, slow but steady waste, we are apt to forget that it is ever going on. It is unnecessary to suggest the "application" of this short sermon. Nine per cent. interest saved is not to be despised, even if better times are at hand.

TREATMENT OF FROZEN PLANTS.—In times of severe cold, the more tender plants in the window will sometimes be chilled and frozen. Such plants should not be put near the stove, to be thawed out; but kept when the temperature is a trifle above the freezing point that the thawing may be gradual, and in the dark, that deleterious chemical changes may not take place. If severely touched with the frost, it is best to remove the frozen parts, that new stems may be forced out from the buds below. Water freely, and finally bring them to the ordinary temper ture for house-plants; sixty-five to seventy degrees.

CATTLE AND THEIR FODDER.—Sometimes cattle get the habit of tossing their fodder out of the manger and under foot. This generally happens when they are too well-fed or have too much room. There was no trouble of that sort in the old fashion of tying them close together with their horns knocking together, almost on the barn floor. Animals are not likely to poke their feed toward one another, you will observe, but they are very apt to draw more hay toward themselves—if there is any chance—than they can possibly make use of. A slat or two nailed across a manger stops all that flirting of the head and holds the hay better than mere sideboards will.

If they are going to rebuild the bridge of Tay, as expected, wouldn't it be a good idea to use something stronger—coffee, for instance.

Correct Your Faults

Of digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which removes flatulence heartburn, irregularity of the bowels, poverty of the blood, and all shifting, harassing, perplexing symptoms of dyspepsia, as well as their cause. A conspicuous change in the appearance as well as in the feelings of those who use the Bitters takes place as the distressing symptoms disappear, and the stomach, liver and bowels reassume their function in full force and activity. The haggard appearance of the countenance and sallowness of dyspeptics are supplanted by a healthier look, and as the food is assimilated, the body acquire substance. Appetite, without which food does comparatively little good, is restored, and the nervous system refreshed with much needed slumber, through the use of this medicine, which is also beneficial to persons of a rheumatic tendency, and an inestimable preventive of fever and ague.

DOMESTIC.

SEASONING.—The excellency of the French cooking is due mainly to the fact that they season everything well. They use a variety of herbs and spices by no means costly. They get a small quantity at a time and keep adding by little and little till they have a good variety. In the season when sweet herbs are plentiful in market it is easy to get sage, mint, sweet majoram, thyme, sweet basil, bay leaves, parsley, celery seed and tarragon. From one bunch of tarragon a gallon of that desirable sauce could be made. By rubbing the dried leaves of herbs through a sieve and corking them up in air tight vessels, they will retain their flavor for many months, and by drying the leaves and roots of the celery and parsley in a cool oven, grating the roots and rubbing the leaves through a sieve, and then corking them up tightly, they can be kept as a flavoring from season to season. Parsley and tarragon are best dried in June and July; thyme, marjoram and savory in July and August; and basil and sage in August and September. Window boxes are often made to supply flavoring, and even through the winter months some housekeepers manage to keep growing many sweet herbs which they have always at hand to flavor with.

COUGHS AND COLDS are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are an effectual COUGH REMEDY.

HOW TO SELECT BLACK SILK.—Look carefully at the evenness of the ribby, holding it up to the light. In that way you can see if the texture is close and even. Crush a handful of the silk in your hand, pressing it with all your force, then release it and see if it will crease. If it does, the silk is of poor quality. A good silk will be elastic; it will have erve, and when released from the grasp of the hand will show little or no trace of creasing. Gros grain should be light, though full in the hand. The grain need not be examined so closely as the floss pulled out of it. When no opportunity offers for doing this, the specimen should be pinched on the cross, then pulled in a contrary direction. If the crease looks like a fold in paper, that piece should not be selected; but if it readily smooths out, the silk is good. The presence of iron in the dye can be detected by touching the sample with the tip of the tongue. These are rules laid down by an authority on the subject of black silk, who farther says with regard to color: "A black, singularly enough, and without the slightest desire to appear ridiculous, should be blue. The raven's wing has a blue haze over it. It is very difficult to get a glossy blue black.

The price of soap is rapidly advancing. A year's supply of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC bought now at old price will be a very judicious puachase.

NOODLE SOUP.—Cut fine all the flesh from the bones of two fowls, and together with the frames put the meat on to boil; about half an hour before dinner take out the bones or frames; at the same time put in some noodles made, as follows: Four eggs well-beaten, mixed well with flour and a pinch of salt, stiff enough to roll very thin; make two hours before you are ready to use them; cut into the thinnest possible strips; season the soup with salt and pepper.

ANSWER THIS.—Did you ever know any person to be ill, without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure?—Ask your neighbor this same question.

OATMEAL BLANC-MANGE.—Take one quart of boiling milk, slightly salted or boiling water will do, and two heaping table-spoonfuls of oat flour, mix in a paste, and stir into the boiling milk, and continue to stir it twenty minutes. Turn it into a mold. May be eaten either cold or warm, with sugar and cream. Total expense, 14 cents.

AMBROSIA.—One-half dozen of sweet oranges peeled and sliced; one large cocoanut, grated. Alternate the layers of cocoanut and oranges. Sprinkle powdered sugar over each layer.

PEOPLE LEARN WISDOM by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh, but always keeps Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup handy.

TO STAIN WOOD A MAHOGANY COLOR.—Take half a pint of nitric acid, a piece of alum about the size of a Spanish nut, and as much logwood as will give the desired color.

CREAM SAUCE.—Half pound sugar, one tablespoon butter, and flavor to suit the taste.

THREE or four bushels of corn meal with a quart of salt, in a hogshead of water, stirred occasionally for three or four days until it ferments, is much better and far cheaper than feeding either meal or corn to growing pigs. You can add bran or middlings or slops to it; and, when half used, fill up with water, and so repeat, adding meal when needed, and a little salt. This will bear a good deal of thinning, and it is the cheapest method known of making pork.

FENCE posts or timber cut for other purposes, in September, will be more durable than if cut at any other season. Many farmers give it as their experithat fence posts cut in August or September will outlast by many years others that are cut in Winter or Spring; and if the ground ends of gate posts are slightly charred before sinking they will not rot for years.

THE most thoroughly seasoned wood contains at least one-tenth of its bulk in water.

A SUBSTITUTE for chewing tobacco is in the market. It sells first-rate the first two weeks in January.

A MAN having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said, "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."

$3.00 Made From 25 Cents.

25 cents' worth of Gilt-Edge Butter Maker will increase product and market value of butter produced $3.00. Gives butter a rich golden color the year round. Increases product 6 per cent. Increases quality 20 per cent. Prevents butter from becoming rancid. Makes July, August and Winter butter equal to best June product. Sold only in boxes, by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HUMOROUS.

"WELL, how are you?" inquired a doctor, as he stood by the arm-chair of his patient, an old man who was troubled with deafness. "Oh, very bad," was the reply; "I can scarcely hear a sound." "Well," remarked the doctor, "you know how often I have impressed upon you that you must give up spirits. Do that and you will get all right." And away he went. A fortnight later he paid his patient another visit, and inquired after his ailment. "You don't need to shout so, doctor," said the old man, irascibly. "I have followed your advice, have given up my grog, and can hear perfectly." A week later the medical man paid his patient yet another visit, and found him almost stone-deaf once more. "Ah," said the former, "I suppose you have been indulging again." "Well, doctor," answered the patient, "I must confess I have, for I didn't consider all that I heard worth a single glass of brandy and water."

GENERAL DEBILITY.—In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood. There is no remedy that will restore the health from debility like the VEGETINE. It is nourishing and strengthening, purifies the blood regulates the bowels, quiets the nervous system, acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action. It has never failed in this complaint.

AN official who has lately returned to Washington from a trip down the Mississippi, tells the following story: On a Mississippi steamer, as on every railway or steamship line, a passenger is allowed a certain amount of baggage. One day a man from Texas came on the wharf at New Orleans with his baggage. He was a wild-looking fellow such as only Texas can produce. He went for a man to check his baggage, and coming back pointed out his valuables to the baggage-master. "You will have to pay extra baggage on some of those boxes," said the baggage-man. "Why, I should like to know?" said the Texan, beginning to look belligerent. "Because a passenger is only allowed a certain amount of baggage," answered the obliging baggage-master. "How much is that?" inquired the Texan. "Sixty pounds," was the reply. "Sixty pounds!" thundered the Texan, "why, my God, man, a gentleman's 'weapons' would weigh that much?"

A MAN was arraigned in Little Rock on a charge of carrying a revolver.

"Haven't you got better sense than to carry a pistol like this?" asked the Judge, holding up a pepper-box pistol.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that the law says you shall be fined $25?"

"Yes, sir; but I didn't know it was any harm to carry such a pistol."

"But it is, sir. Any man that would carry such a pistol ought to go to the penitentiary for life. Suppose you were to get into a fight, having such a pistol. While you were trying to shoot, the other fellow would run away. You may go this time, but if I ever hear of you carrying such a worthless pistol again I'll get up a petition to the Governor and have you hung. No wonder we are slandered at the North when such trifling men as you are carrying pistols that could only hurt a man lying on his stomach and refusing to digest."

WE often hear people say, there is only one good cough medicine and that is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it is cheap too, only 25 cents per bottle.

"WILL 'oo know me, mamma, when we get to heaven?" said a little three-year-old. "Oh, yes, dear, of course; we shall know each other there. Do you think you will know your mamma?" "Oh, 'es, I'll know 'oo by 'oo wed hair."

"You are my treasure, after all," said an old reprobate, striving to placate his wife after abusing her for an hour or two. "Oh, yes," she sarcastically answered, "that's the reason, I supppose, you wish me dead so often; you are seeking to lay your treasure up in heaven."

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (triumphantly): "Hash."

"THE moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.

ARTEMUS WARD once said gravely almost sadly, "I have done too much fooling; too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live." "Well, what, for instance?" In the same grave way, he said, "A lie."

IN sixteen months forty-six missionaries have been sent to the South Sea Islands, and twenty more are going. It is not expected that any report of famine will come from the islands this year.

PHELEM (to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen): "Dade, and its soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the strames through the roof. Come outside, sorr; its drier in the wet!"

A CHAP made himself sick by riding five hours in an English railway coach with his back to the engine. He said he couldn't change his seat with anybody because there was no one else in the car.

MURDER will out, so will the fact that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair renewer and restorer, is the best preparation ever invented and excels all other hair dressings, as thousands of genuine certificates now in our possession abundantly prove.

A SENTIMENTAL young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins.

AVOID A COSTIVE HABIT OF BODY, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender more serious consequences. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are either Laxative or Cathartic, according to the dose, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

HOW TO GET A HUSBAND.—Take of modesty a large portion; unite it with urbanity and good humor; to which add good sense and plenty of love, with a virtuous heart and a pretty face. Better than a cosmetic to make the skin fair and clear, to bring bloom to the cheeks and light to the eyes, and remove Pimples, Boils, Eruptions, Sallow Complexion, thick, yellowish appearance of the skin and eyes, Bad Breath, Irritability and low spirits. Take Simmons' Liver Regulator in time.

"I was so greatly troubled with Boils on the neck and body that I was hardly able to move my head, and suffered great pain without being able to cure them, until I was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator, which entirely cured me, and I have had no return of them since, now over a year.

"JAMES M. CLEMENT, Agt.
for So. S. S. Co., Phila."

A Temple at Moscow.

Next, August at the fifth anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the new Temple of Our Saviour, at Moscow, will probably be dedicated. It was begun in 1833 as a commemoration of the retreat of the French from Moscow. Nearly 4,000 laborers were employed in diging the ground for the foundations, but after a while the work ceased. Then it was resumed again, and at intervals it has since gone on with greater or less rapidity. The architecture of the building is Russo-Byzantine. It is surmounted by five cupolas, one at each corner, and a large one, or dome, in the centre. The roof and framework of the cupolas has already consumed, it is said, more than half a ton of gold-leaf. Above the centre cupola is a massive bronze cross, which can be seen from every part of Moscow. The bronze frames of the windows, each nine yards high, weigh nearly three tons, and the hinges of the bronze doors have to support 5¼ tons of metal. Inside, the walls are gorgeously decorated in the usual style of Russian churches, and contain a number of jasper pillars, each of which cost upwards of $10,000. The total cost of the structure is estimated to exceed $13,000,000.

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it know to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.*

A Mean Man.

Almost every city and town lays claim to the meanest man, but we believe that about the smallest specimen of a mean man resides in Newburyport. A few days ago he called at a hardware store and represented that he was troubled with a noise in his pantry at home, at the same time asking the clerk for the loan of a mouse trap to catch the animal. The clerk replied that was hardly the way business was done at that establishment, but informed the gentleman who was being impoverished by the mouse that a good trap could be purchased for twenty cents. After some dickering, the bargain was concluded. A few days afterward however, in walked the owner of the trap with the information that he had been successful in catching the mouse, and that the article would be of no further use to him. This was followed by a request that the store-keeper take back the trap and return him the original price. This was rather a staggerer in the way of cheek, but the man behind the counter quietly took out twenty cents, passed it over to the M. M., and remarked that he would refund the money, and at the same time present him with the trap. Gracefully thanking him, the M. M. quickly pocketed the cash and trap, and walked out with the satisfied air of conscious rectitude.

Quack Nostrums

are pronounced by the medical profession "The bane of society" but the Bible says "To him who is afflicted pity should be shown" and Dr. Silsbee, the discoverer of "Anakesis" the only infallible pile cure known to medical art, deserves a monument at the hands of afflicted millions as a benefactor of the human race. If as Jean Paul Richter says—"Happiness is the absence of pain," what shall be said of a remedy that will relieve instantly such pain as those endure who suffer from piles and of how much happiness must "Anakesis" be the author. 500,000 of the millions afflicted with piles gladly testify to its healing virtues. Doctors of all schools prescribe it and in 20 years none have used it without benefit. Combining the virtues of a poultice, an instrument and medicine easy of application, safe and useful in all cases, it relieves pain at once, holds up the tumors and ultimately cures the worst cases of piles and what is equally worth knowing, by following the Doctors printed instructions as to diet, habits etc., keeps them cured. Samples of "anakesis" are sent *free* to all sufferers on application to P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946 New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per box.

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Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. Sold everywhere.
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VEGETINE.
A Home in the Celestial City.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 18, 1878.
MR. H. R. STEVENS, Boston:
About nine and a half years ago I had a fever; the doctor gave me some poisonous medicine, drove the disease into my leg, and it broke out, and has been from two to ten running sores ever since. I could not sleep a fourth of a night once in six months, and a great many nights was compelled to get up and take opium—a piece as large as a pea—to deaden the pain. I have tried everything I could hear of, in fact, I have paid out hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I commenced taking Vegetine, and now I can go to bed at 8 o'clock at night and sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, and no occasion to waken from pain. I was used up, perfectly dead inwardly, and frequently when I would get up, would be dizzy, and have to put my hand on something to keep me from falling; but since I commenced taking Vegetine, it has all disappeared, and I feel like a new man. My honest conviction is that it will cure my leg entirely, from the present looks and feelings. I shall continue taking Vegetine, and recommend it to all whom I come across; and I hope the man who introduced Vegetine into the United States will have a home in the Celestial City.
Yours, most sincerely,
W. S. LEACH.
Mr. Leach is a gentleman well known here, and is the owner of the celebrated Turbine Water Wheel.

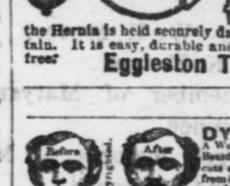
Completely Cured Me.
NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 26, 1877.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir.—I write to say that seven bottles of your Vegetine have completely cured me from a very severe case of Scrofula, of many years' standing, after trying many medicines and doctoring a great deal. I am now free from all sores, and can work as well as ever, and think the Vegetine is a god-send, and no one ought to do without it.
I remain, respectfully yours,
J. A. PATRICK.
VEGETINE is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula, and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.
VEGETINE,
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.



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AND TAKE NO OTHER.
PENN'A SALT MANUF'G CO., PHILAD'A.

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Is, what shall we do to preserve health? Our answer is: Keep your feet *warm, dry* and free from rheumatism, by wearing a pair of
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Being thin, are easily worn in the shoes of any person, with great comfort. Agents wanted everywhere. Information by writing for it. Samples by mail for 25 cents. State size of shoe worn.
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Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup-shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the BALL in the cup PRESSES BACK the INTESTINES JUST AS A PERSON WOULD WITH THE FINGER. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
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(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
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AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.
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It does not require ten minutes to demonstrate the value of Carbolate of Tar, *the most healing remedial agent known to science.* Balsams and Cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar, that the mere breathing converts them into a dense smoke or vapor. This is *inhaled*—taken right to the diseased parts. No heat, no hot water, simply *inhaling* or *breathing* it, and you feel its healing power at once. This treatment is endorsed by physicians everywhere, and highly commended by thousands, who have used it with perfect satisfaction. FULL TREATMENT sent. Satisfaction Always Guaranteed. Address, DR. M. W. CASE, 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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